

Curious Tendencies of the Times.

The close relationship and influence which men of like characteristics and which similar events and tendencies bear to and have one upon another is remarkable, almost mysterious. Society is getting so dense and its currents so strong that men are carried along by the momentum of each other rather than reasoning their way along. The impulse of one imparts force and direction to another more than it did in more primitive times. The influence of men and their pursuits upon each other is most manifest and best accounted for in common things of life. A man improves his residence or property; that naturally stirs the pride of his neighbor and influences him to like action. One starts out with a showy equipage; that stirs others envious and weakly vain to strike the same passionate gait. A petition is circulated to have a particular thing done. It acquires momentum by individual force. Let that force be reversed by a remonstrance against having the thing proposed done and it will run back along the whole line and take in nearly all. There is a contagion in social ideas that is ever present in common every day life where cause and effect is most discernible. Nobody pretends that the most accurate or best results are reached by such currents or influences instead of by independent individual thought, and only those who forget themselves assert that the wisdom of a given course is settled by the tendency of the masses which way in one direction now, and then in the opposite. It was to prevent such lurchings to extremes that fundamental laws were established in society. A community will go in one direction today and in another almost the morrow; and if not controlled by some unvarying rule of action the consequences of such movements would break up society. If each individual should be entirely absorbed in his individual pursuits and gains and should give no attention to public interests and contribute nothing to the common good then progress would be arrested. But if on the other hand each should give up his occupation and cease production and contribution and all join in a steeplechase to determine who could possess himself individually of the most already produced then increase would end and rapacity and plunder begin. Permanent prosperity comes only from order, regularity and a system of stable rules respected and willingly conformed to by the people.

When the judicial, legislative and executive branches of the government are moved by contented but enterprising men in their own proper sphere and each man works in his own proper occupation or place with due regard to the rights, prosperity and happiness of others then the relations of individuals to the public or government and of each department of the government to the others are harmonious and work to the best advantage. When the most opportunities for men to work themselves into public confidence are furnished the most incentives to work and healthy development will exist. But when men get weary of toil, discontented with their lot; when they leave their work and scramble over each other without regard to delicacy, truth or fidelity, even to each other, to get into the easiest places and where the most can be possessed, industries are disturbed and discontent attends them all. If the tendency of the times furnish opportunities for designing men to leap into positions of inordinate wealth and influence, where they can look down with contempt upon those they have used for their elevation, very few will strive to compete with them by means of any regular progression. But the trouble is not so much in what is unjustly and undeservedly taken possession of in this manner as in the fact that to be successful in the race one must run along with the prevailing currents no matter where they tend. We are in evil conditions when men study more to get the directions of the currents and what their probable directions will be than to get at the true, just and safe course to pursue. Moreover the country is in unsafe conditions when the argument that a certain policy will be adopted in any event determines a popular vote, for where the hope of success leads the way adventurers and moral cowards are sure to follow.

Now no one can be blind to the fact that enchanting networks of individual designs are being woven and are reticulating through the country, the successes of which are discouraging honest toil and encouraging adventurers. Their weavings are subtle and ingenious and their fibre strong. They are so connected with each other that the politician, the monopolist, the trust, the speculator and the common cheat's all strengthen each the others. In return for their contributions they exact from morality and the church silence or approval and from others unqualified servility.

This condition and the sudden acquisition of wealth by individuals have awakened a vast portion of the people to visions of wealth and to places of indolence and ease. A general restlessness pervades all occupations which bring only steady though sure gains. All such are shunned. Many seek the profession of law by making a dash to get by the examination and procure a diploma to be used simply as a stepping stone to something else. The mechanic spends his time indulging in visions of untold wealth reached through some invention. No inconsiderable numbers instead of learning the business through a clerkship or gradual experience dash into an establishment of their own, run in debt, and take all kinds of chances. If they strike the wave right they come out with gains and if not they plunge into bankruptcy, and their debts are not only washed away as snow but absolutely go into another honest adventure. There is another class less pretentious and more frank and open, who steal the funds of a bank and run away with them. The beach was a place that men formerly went up to through laborious processes and, like priests of a holy order, by seclusion, devotion and severe discipline commanded the most profound respect, reverence and obedience which is even now maintained. But those precincts are not entirely exempt from the common discontent. Men sometimes get in them through the windows on a wave political or otherwise, and then look out of the windows to see what is passing. If they don't "hum an old love tune" they may think of some Holston and sigh for a Merrimack to sink or some other opportunity to create a sensation. But if the hand wagon ever does stop at the windows of the court house and one of its inmates is permitted to get out and ride it must be on condition that he condemn the established order and system on which society rests, that he abrogate the fundamental laws of the country and visits judicial condemnation on all who do not cheerfully run in the dust of the wagon and to the music of the band.

Things are being moved out of their order and system. The people are getting restive under legal restraints. The men most interested and officious in maintaining the republic are proceeding in total disregard of its fundamental laws and condemning discontented laborers who are only imbibing the spirit of the times and imitating their example. Is it possible that men are getting tired of all the ways and means by which our happy country has been preserved for a hundred years and which have brought it to such prosperity and abundance? They seem to be. An unmistakable contempt for the very foundation and essence of the past seems to have suddenly grown up. Men seem to be growing tired of listening to sentiments which were formerly cherished at least one day in the week even if they are now outraged and ignored the other six. What a cordial welcome to Ingalls! There seems to be an impulse moving both leaders and laymen to lay aside old things for the new and fanciful things which will create more pleasant sensations. The implication from the tendency of the times is that even the bible was good enough for the times for which it was made, but that new conditions and wants which were not anticipated in old times require the wisdom and sagacity of the leading living minds in the most intelligent age and country that ever was. The great living progressive minds of today are better than those old formulas which were good enough for Moses and the prophets, and even the apostles, but which are entirely out of place when the spirit of progress and civilization is forging ahead with such velocity that the cause of humanity cannot afford to have it trammelled by any biblical, moral or constitutional restraints.

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AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS.

BLOOMFIELD.

Mrs. Josephine Dunn returned to her home in Maine last Saturday.

Rev. J. S. Brown drove to Colebrook last Monday.

M. C. Fuller and his boys caught 17½ pounds of fish last Wednesday up at Wenlock.

John St. Lawrence and wife of Groveton were in town last Tuesday.

N. M. Johnson and Peter Sherman went to Colebrook last Monday on business.

I. M. Wood went to Montreal this week to attend the Vermont G. A. R. Encampment.

Abe's old horse is recovering from injuries received by breaking through the stable floor recently.

A young man over in Stratford tried to commit suicide recently by taking two spoonful of paris green because the young lady of his choice would not attend the circus with him. A doctor was called and his stomach cleaned out and he is recovering rapidly.

D. O. Rowell has sold his stock of old hay for \$12 per ton.

Leslie Shoff is home from the Connecticut river drive for a few days.

Walter Johnson, who had his leg broken recently, is getting along finely.

T. C. Atkinson drove to Colebrook last Tuesday.

Joseph Nugent, while moving hay last week with a pair of horses, from O. B. Buzzell's place in Bloomfield, met with quite an accident. While near the Mosquito hollow road, Mr. Nugent was fixing some part of the harness, the horses became frightened and bolted, down the road at a lively pace but soon came to a standstill in a deep mud puddle. The wagon was badly smashed but Mr. Nugent and the horses were uninjured.

We are glad to see S. W. Hollbrook out once more after his long and serious illness.

The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. J. H. Danforth last Tuesday. Quite a number of the members are planning to attend the convention to be held at Colebrook this week Friday.

CANAAN.

Alfred Fenton has been on the sick list, but is better now.

Willie Vapere met with quite a loss last week at the Beecher Falls factory—two fingers and a thumb.

Who said Dr. Pottle was afraid of the cows?

The long looked for bell for the village school house has arrived.

Edwin Green and a party of his Portland friends went to the East Inlet at second Connecticut lake last week fishing. All report a good time.

LUNENBURG.

The Ladies Mite Society will give an ice cream party at the hall Friday evening of this week.

Miss Emma Barnard spent Sunday with Mrs. Arthur Strain at Groveton.

Mr. and Mrs. James Silsby will give a lawn party Wednesday evening for the benefit of the Ladies Aid Society.

Sylvanus Lane, an old resident of this town, died Wednesday of last week. His funeral was held Friday afternoon at the residence of George Hill, Rev. J. H. Winslow of Whitefield officiating.

Rev. Mr. MacNeil went to Newport last week for a short vacation.

Kyle Brown has been chosen president of the bachelor's club of this town.

Mrs. Estelle Dodge left Tuesday for Montreal to attend the G. A. R. and W. R. C. encampment which meets there.

The Misses Bessie and Susie Dodge are visiting friends in St. Johnsbury.

Kyle Brown entertained about forty of his friends with a lawn party last week Wednesday evening. The lawn was prettily lighted with Chinese lanterns. The Harmony club were there and gave an interesting program. Ice cream and cake were served and a very sociable evening enjoyed.

Mrs. Geo. Balch returned last week from the hospital at Burlington where she has been for medical treatment.

GUILDHALL.

Mrs. Henry Bailey and Mrs. Nelson Call met with a very serious accident one day last week. They were driving up to the M. E. Church, when the horse started, tipping the carriage over, and throwing them both out, breaking Mrs. Bailey's shoulder, and dislocating Mrs. Call's shoulder. Dr. Leith of Lancaster, N. H., was summoned to attend them.

The rain of last week was joyfully received by the farmers, as the land was getting very dry, and the crops began to suffer for want of moisture.

Charles Damon has moved into Frank Hall's house, the Cobb place so called.

Guy C. Hayes and John Gray have taken a job to cut and peel and deliver on the cars for Parke & Cummings what pulpwood there is on a lot of land in this town.

Mrs. Hiram Willey was called to Brownington on account of the sickness of her daughter, Mrs. Tripp.

Bent's Klonidike.

Mr. A. C. Thomas, of Marysville, Tex., has found a more valuable discovery than has yet been made in the Klonidike. For years he suffered untold agony from consumption, accompanied by hemorrhages; and was absolutely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. He declares that gold is of little value in comparison with this marvelous cure; would have it even if it cost a hundred dollars a bottle. Asthma, Bronchitis and all throat and lung affections are positively cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Trial bottles free at J. W. Thurston's drug store. Regular size 50 cts. and \$1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

EAST HAVEN.

J. Q. Anadon continues to fail.

D. C. Howard was in St. Johnsbury two days last week.

Peter Labay's mother, Mrs. Pierce is very low with pneumonia.

Miss Flora Hosford has returned home from Lyndon for a short stay.

Berton Paquin and sister Minnie of Cabot were in town last week to attend the wedding of their cousin, E. W. Powers.

Several from this place attended the Graduating Exercises at Island Pond, Wednesday evening of last week.

Stage driver L. Barney and Miss Gertrude Hudson were in Morgan over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Campion and son are visiting friends in Charleston for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Hudson entertained friends from Island Pond last week.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Smith was the scene of a pretty home wedding last week Wednesday when their daughter Dora was united in marriage to F. W. Powers of Peacham. Miss Bertha Walter acted as bridesmaid and Jesse, brother of the bride as best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Albert Gregory of East Burke. The well wishes for their future happiness and prosperity go with them in their journey through the fields of matrimony, from the many warm friends of Mr. and Mrs. Powers in this place. They left for Peacham their future home Wednesday afternoon followed by a shower of rice.

EAST CHARLESTON.

Mrs. Mattie Eastman and Mrs. Mae Olmstead of Springfield, Mass., are visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Emma Cuddeback of Lyndon has been visiting her nephew Adna Colleigh and niece Mrs. W. E. Tripp.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler of Peacham have been the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Thurston.

U. C. Chaffee is visiting in Westfield and Troy.

R. P. Stevens and wife were called to Sutton this week to attend the funeral of Mr. Steven's sister, Mrs. Ezekiel Miles.

Gillman Hill cut a bad gash in his knee recently.

T. G. Howard cut quite a gash in his foot a short time since.

Mrs. E. C. Streeter of Lowell, is visiting Mr. Streeter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Streeter.

Mrs. Fred Balch of St. Johnsbury has been visiting relatives in town.

Alvin Jewell of St. Johnsbury Center has been visiting in town.

Mrs. L. W. Stevens and Fred visited at Craftsbury recently.

GROVETON, N. H.

Mrs. Sykes visited friends in Berlin last week.

F. M. Ladd is clerking at the Groveton Tavern.

Miss Winnie Ward has had a seige of the mumps.

G. R. Magoon was in town Friday.

Miss Verne Flanders of Lancaster visited friends in town last week.

The Groveton base ball team were defeated at Berlin Saturday, Score 15 to 5.

Miss Gertrude Simmonds of Lancaster spent Sunday in Groveton.

The senior class G. H. S. will hold an assembly at Forbush hall Saturday, June 24. All cordially invited.

Miss Ella Matthews went to Lancaster Saturday.

Mrs. E. F. Tibbets is visiting friends in Boston.

Mrs. Wayne Cole visited relatives in Island Pond last week.

Several from Stratford Hollow attended the V. L. S. Saturday.

FREE OF CHARGE.

Any adult suffering from a cold settled on the breast, bronchitis, throat or lung troubles of any nature, who will call at Thurston's drug store, will be presented with a sample bottle of BOSCHER'S GERMAN SYRUP, FREE OF CHARGE. Only one bottle given to one person, and none to children without order from parents.

No throat or lung remedy ever had such a sale as BOSCHER'S GERMAN SYRUP. In all parts of the civilized world. Twenty years ago millions of bottles were given away, and your druggists will tell you its success was marvelous. It is really the only Throat and Lung Remedy generally endorsed by physicians. One 75 cent bottle will cure or prove its value. Sold by all druggists in this place.

WEST CONCORD.

Our town clerk, Mrs. C. E. Wadleigh, has been very ill the past week but at present writing is slowly improving. Her daughter May was called home and her sister Mrs. F. M. Hunter of Lowell, Mass., is also with her.

Road Commissioner Douglas finished the machine work on the highways last Tuesday and will now attend to some permanent improvements on our main roads under the requirements of the new law. The new Climax machine has proved very satisfactory having done most excellent work.

The residence and buildings of J. C. Adams, on the road to North Concord, were entirely destroyed by fire on the 11th inst. None of the contents of the house were saved, and the animals in the barn perished. We understand insurance partly covers the loss.

MORE THAN 100 PAGES.

The Boston Sunday Journal Gives Its Readers Each Week.

Beginning with next Sunday, Maine people will be able to get the Boston Sunday Journal at an early hour of the day, as the Journal management has made arrangements to send the Journal on an early special train.

The attraction which the Boston Sunday Journal holds out to its readers are many and varied. Every Sunday the issue consists of more than one hundred pages of a size convenient to handle and adapted to the most effective classifying and presenting of news and features.

There are really four distinct sections of the Sunday Journal: Forty or more pages of news and special articles of particular interest at the time; eight pages

devoted to the news and comment by experts on the sports of the week; sixteen pages, illustrated by the half-tone process, giving photographic reproductions of people and events in which New England people are interested at the time, and departments devoted to subjects that appeal to every reader; a forty-eight page bound magazine, the New England Home Magazine, especially attractive to women and children, and famous for its photographic reproductions of children's pictures.

The Journal ranks, both in enterprise and in the successful results of its enterprise, second to no newspaper in the country.

AN ACTOR'S RUSE.

In the year of 1860 I was playing in a stock company in New Orleans, and the city was wild with rumors of the dawn of conflict between north and south. As the company was comprised of a number of northern people, many vacancies were created by the deserters who hastened homeward. The first to leave was our leading man, and the manager was anxious to secure a competent successor, who soon presented himself in the shape of a fine Texan of much reputation among the ranks of amateurs. He was a tall, well built chap of 21 or 22, possessing one of those peculiar voices such as Hal Montague's, not ranty, strong, but plain, distinct and pleasant—in all well qualified for the rendering of juvenile leading parts.

I took to the youngster from the start, for I instantly saw that this was one of those talented chaps who, if they fall into judicious hands, can be made much of as well as spoiled if they come in contact with old staggers.

For some time back I had noticed that the heavy man had been smitten with the charms of our leading lady. I also saw that she did not favor him in the slightest. When her part made it necessary for her to come in contact with him, I saw a shrikening as of more than feigned disgust, and off the stage she treated him pretty much the same as on—with scorn and loathing.

Well, a short time after the new leading man came there sprang up between him and the heavy man an enmity. I was standing in the wings one night waiting for my cue while we were playing one of those good old fashioned melodramas—lover has a secret foe who is endeavoring to win the good graces, fortune and hand of the fair one, and all that sort by underhand ways. Discovery of the false friend and secret foe follows, and the usual duel takes place. Of course the traitorous foe falls, and the curtain drops while the victor eludes his pursuer to his retreat.

I was waiting my cue, as I said. The handsome young leading man was bending over the leading lady, his hand searching for hers, her face against his. I was watching all this, and I saw it was more than stage love. It was the genuine, pure article. It was my business to rush in just then and thus cause a great deal of commotion. I heard a muttered, "Curse him!" I turned quickly. It came from the lips of the heavy man, who was standing at my elbow. Such a look of fierceness upon a human face I never before saw, and as his was ugly by nature without the added features of the make up he looked indeed like a devil.

The play passed off smoothly, as usual. The hero and traitor met, the duel took place, and the regular denouement followed amid the applause of an appreciative and satisfied audience.

I kept my eyes open after that, for I knew there was something in the wind destined, if possible, to work wrong against the young leading man, who by this time had become a prime favorite among the members of the stock company—the heavy man and I.

About a week after I had witnessed the villain's rage, happening to pass by his dressing room door I heard a muffled, clicking sound, as of some metallic substance coming down the stairs. I drew nearer, placed my eye to the keyhole and peeped through. The man was seated within the range of my vision upon a trunk, a pistol between his knees, and he was ramming a bullet into the barrel. It was all as plain as day. The fiend was preparing to murder the handsome young leading man. He would meet his would be victim in the duel scene, kill him and escape the penalty of the law by advancing the plea that he never dreamed that the pistol was loaded. I was thunderstruck. I knew the fellow was a more person, a man of strong dislikes and few likes, but I did not think him capable of such a dastardly deed as he contemplated. The heavy man had witnessed the little scene behind closed doors!

Hearing his call from the callboy, I withdrew behind some packing trunks and soon heard him treading the boards above. I knew that he would remain some time, so I went into his dressing room and quickly withdrew the bullet from the pistol. Then I went to my post aloof and found the play progressing smoothly as usual.

I never saw the leading man do as well. As for the leading lady, she was accepting his love with word, glance and sweet gestures which told plainly that she was in earnest. He was making real love to her; yes, sir, such love as you do sometimes see on the boards. We old staggers can tell the difference between downright love and the make believe article every time.

When the rivals met in the duel scene, I can assure you I was no less than an anxious spectator. He, the hero, met the muzzle of the rival with the same cool demeanor as hitherto. I wondered would he appear as cool, as brave, had he known of the scene behind the doors. The fact of the villain was a perfect picture of hellish ferocity, and I never before knew how much of a man's evil nature could be depicted upon his features. The word was given fire. The sharp crack of the pistols followed, and the smoke passed up into the flies.

Ah! The villain had forgotten his fall. He started quickly forward and gazed upon his rival's smiling face. Then a painful silence followed, as there always does when a break mares the play. The leading man whispered in an undertone: "Fall man! Why don't you fall?"

But the villain had no ear for hearing. He had expected to see the blood stained groin of his hated rival stretched before him, and now he stood there still alive and breathing.

With a loud oath which could be heard in every part of the house the defeated villain sprang to his feet, dashed through the little crowd of stage people who had gathered in the wings and plunged through an open window, falling with a sickening sound upon the pavement below.

Of course this was all a deep mystery to every one but myself. The curtain dropped, and surrounded by my companions I told the whole story.

I could see the leading lady clasp the young fellow's arm tightly when I told how I had balked the villain—now a broken, senseless mass of flesh and bones. I staid with the company long enough to see the young people happily wedded. This ring, a pure diamond of the first water, was presented to me by the bridegroom for my taking, for the once and only time in all my life, the leading part in a tragedy.—Exchange.

Chemistry Kindergarten.

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Tapa—Of course and what everything else breathes.

Bobby—And is nitrogen what every one breathes at night?—Boston Traveler.

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